

I saw our party to their Trenches driuen,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mef. About an houre, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummes.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes so late?

Mef. Spies of the Volces

Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, else had I fir
Halfe an houre since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the stampe of Martius, and I haue
Before time seene him thus.

Mef. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder from a Taber,
More then I know the sound of Martius Tongue
From every meaner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.

Mart. Oh! let me clip ye

In Armes as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapets burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with Titus Lartius?

Mart. As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ranfoming him, or pitying, threatening th'other;
Holding Corioles in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mart. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouse ne're thunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse then they.

Com. But how preuail'd you?

Mart. Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Martius, we haue at disadvantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpose.

Mart. How lies their Battell? Know you on w' side
They haue plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guesse Martius,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their best trust: O're them Aufidius,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mart. I do beseech you,
By all the Battailles wherein we haue fought,
By th'Blood we haue shed together,
By th'Vowes we haue made

To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against Aufidius, and his Antients,
And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.

Com. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balms applyed to you, yet dare I neuer
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can ayde your action.

Mart. Those are they

That most are willing; if any such be here,
(As it were sinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare
Lessen his person, then an ill report:
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or so many so minded,
Waue thus to expresse his disposition,
And follow Martius.

They all shout and waue their swords, take him up in their
Armes, and cast up their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a word of me:
If these shewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure Volces? None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great Aufidius
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd): please you to March,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Diuide in all, with vs.

Exeunt

Titus Lartius, hauing set a guard vpon Corioles, going with
Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Mar-
tius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a
Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue set them downe. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serue
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.

Lien. Feare not our care Sir.

Lar. Hence; and shut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th' Roman Campe conduct vs, Exit
Alarme, as in Battail.

Enter Martius and Aufidius at several doores.

Mart. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse then a Promise-breaker.

Aufid. We hate alike:

Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.

Mart. Let the first Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.

Auf. If I flye Martius, hollow me like a Hare.

Mart. Within these three houres Tullus
Alone I fought in your Corioles walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to th'highest.

Auf. Wer't thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me heere.

Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde
of Aufid. Martius fights vntill they be driuen in breathles.
Officious and not valiant, you haue sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish.

Flourish. Alarme. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at
one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At
another Doore Martius, with his
Armes in a Scarfe.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou'st not beleue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,
Tch'nd admire: where Ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fustie Plebeians, hate thine Honors,
Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath such a Souldier.
Yer can't thou to a Morfell of this Feast,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:
Hast thou beheld—

Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When she do's prayse me, grieues me:
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you haue bene, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath ouerta'ne mine A&.

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your deseruing,
Rome must know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft,
No lesse then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire, and top of prayes vouch'd,
Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,
In signe of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Arme heare me.

Martius. I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart
To heare themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
And rent themselves with death: of all the Horses,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field achieu'd, and Citie,
Werender you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your onely choyle.

Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,
And stand vpon my common part with those,
That haue beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius,
cast up their Caps and Lawnces: Cominius
and Lartius stand bare.

Mart. May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd flouthing:
When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let him be made an Overture for th' Warres:
No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd

My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many else haue done,
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lou'd my little should be dieted
In prayes, sawe't with Lyes.

Com. Too modest are you:

More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That Caius Martius
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioles, call him,
With all th'applause and Clamor of the Hoast,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus, Beare th'addition Nobly euer?

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.

Martius. I will goe wash:

And when my Face is faire, you shall perceiue
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times
To vnder-crest your good Addition,
To th'fairenesse of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent:

Where ere we doe repose vs, we will write
To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius
Must to Corioles backe, send vs to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.

Lartius. I shall, my Lord.

Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Martius. I sometime lay here in Corioles,
At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you
To giue my poore Host freedome.

Com. Oh well begg'd:

Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, Titus.

Lartius. Martius, his Name.

Martius. By Iupiter forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent:

The blood vpon your Visage dries, 'tis time
It should be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius
blondie, with two or three Souldiours.

Aufid. The Towne is ta'ne.

Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.

Aufid. Condition?

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th part that is at mercy? five times, Martius,
I haue fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter

As